

SR

Student Review

march 22, 1995

an independent forum for student thought

ON THE
GLAMOUR
OF
Las Vegas

They're not lowlife, just people having a good time.

I'M CALLING YOU FROM THE SANDS

If your mom
calls, I'll
tell her
you're
at a
Bishop's
Interview
wave
wave

Bye Bye Stephanie.
I'm going to Las Vegas
to escape the bubble of
the dorms and see some
Real transvestites...

SLOTS ARE FUN

You realize,
of course,
that we're
not old enough to stick
a quarter in the
slot machine,
but we can
get married

Once upon a time...

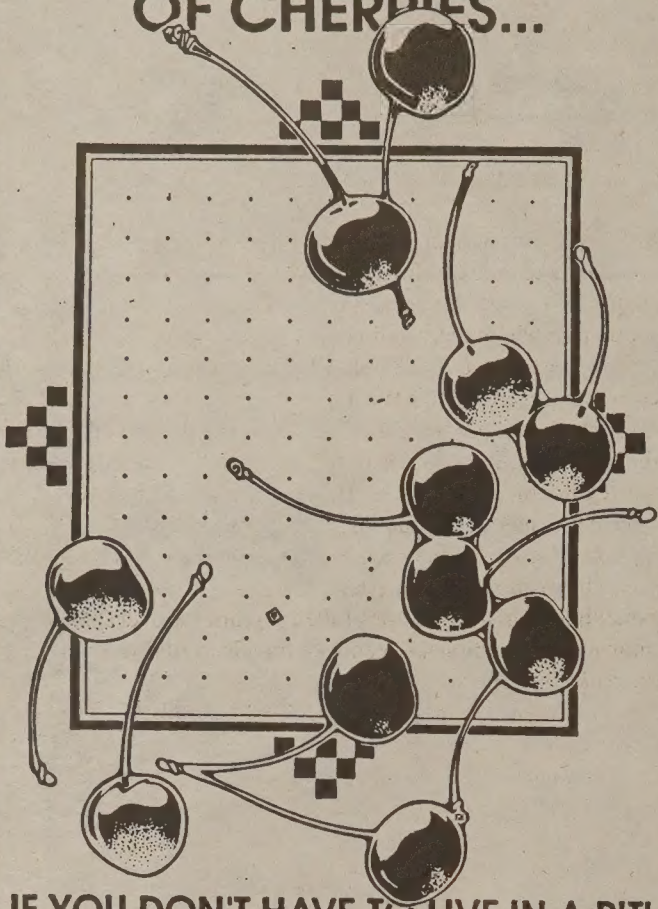
★ generic BYU students ventured
from their cages of approved
★ housing and Blindly headed to
★ the Magic Neon Land of
★ Las Vegas. What perils and

UNORTHODOX ADVENTURES are
★ in store for our strong hearted
★ celestial cougars? Will the devil
★ lead them astray? ★

THE UNDER 21 HOT TUB



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OF CHERRIES...



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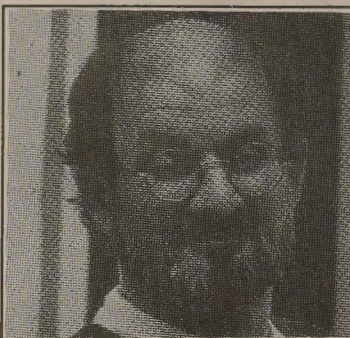
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STACEY FORD

MANAGING EDITOR

JEFFREY LINES

COPY EDITORS

LISA TANNER
JANA PARMENTER
KARLA HOLLAND
GABRIELLE STANLEY
CINDY FERGUSON
TANYA BURRELL

DESIGN & PRODUCTION

SCOTT WHITMORE

ADS MANAGER

WILLIAM CAREY

ARTS & LEISURE EDITOR

EMILY ASPLUND

CAMPUS LIFE CoEDITORS

MATTHEW WORKMAN
TRISTYN SCHREIBER

STAFF

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LYNETTE COX

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GRETCHEN PETERSON
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RELIGION EDITOR

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STAFF

SUNNY MCLELLAN
AARON BROWN

NOISE EDITOR

MELANEE HUNT

ART GODDESS

GABRIELLE STANLEY

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WHITNEY BUSHMAN
CYNTHIA FERGUSON
KELI D. LITTLEJOHN
AMY TOLK
MARK STERZICK
ANDY HUNSAKER
CANACE PULFER
WENDY BALDERSON

COVER ART

APRYL ROBERTSON

SUBSCRIPTIONS

JEFFREY LINES

CALENDAR GIRL

TRACI ASTLE
LESLIE GONZALES

Send submissions, letters, and
subscription requests (\$15 per
year) to:

Student Review
P.O. Box 2217
Provo, UT 84603
(801)371-8400

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NOTE FROM THE ARTS & LETTERS EDITOR:

The other day in my American Literature class my T.A. was trying to describe the mood of a short story we were reading. She made circular gestures with her open hands and looked up at the ceiling, apparently trying to come up with the right word to express her meaning. She said "This story is just so...dreamy, and...urethral." Since we were not discussing a story about proctologists I assumed she meant "ethereal." I asked some of my classmates later if they had noticed her gaffe and none of them had.

I tell you this story not just because it is one of the best Eavesdroppers I've ever heard but also because it feeds the flame of my annoyance with BYU. It makes me painfully aware that I am being taught and having my papers graded by someone who doesn't know the difference between "of or relating to the regions beyond the earth" and "of or relating to the urethra." This makes me a little angry at the English department. I know that the department is not responsible for every inadvertent scatological remark made by its employees, but this little anecdote, for me, represents the big pile of scatology which emanates from the English department every single day. The Brian Evenson thing is only the tip of the scatological iceberg. My history of the English language professor talks about hysterical menstruating women and referred to King Edward II of England's lover as "his boy lollipop," another professor asked his class how they would pluralize "Moby Dick." We're up to our hips in fecal matter here.

This is where the Student Review comes in. Now, you're probably all expecting me to say that SR is the only place where I can express my anger and hatred and loathing, that I take pleasure in printing this hatred and poisoning the tender minds of otherwise moral freshmen. I do think this publication is a good place for students and faculty members, if they choose, to vent their frustration; since we are not censored (and are banned from campus) we can cover issues of anger and hatred which might be considered too controversial for other publications. Unfortunately, because of this freedom we have acquired the reputation of being an unholy bunch of rabble-rousers. There is the impression that we only run articles which attack BYU and the church and that we revel in our position as a leftist publication. We're "Satan's Little 'Zine."

First of all, when anyone writes for SR they only make a conditional contract with the devil (really just kidding). Secondly, I think that those of us who are Mormons and/or North Americans have serious problem with anger. We tend to suppress it and let it slip out at unusual times. But to carefully write down these feelings of anger and submit them for publication is, I think, quite therapeutic and not at all harmful, as long as those feelings are genuine and based on experience. This is dialogue, which is the beginning of and the basis for change. Either trying to cover up or exaggerating these feelings is diatribe, which doesn't do anybody any good.

Finally, I don't really think of SR as an angry paper. Ever since I started reading it as a freshman I've thought of it as a humorous publication, with a little culture and politics thrown in for good measure. I've found that at this school, like at any school, where opinions become so extreme they threaten the Earth's gravitational pull, you need a few laughs to make it through those seven years. Working at SR is like being at an Irish wake; the sorrow gets to be so much that you just have to get drunk (where sorrow = frustration with BYU and getting drunk = making jokes), although most of us would probably get drunk even if somebody hadn't died (remember, this is a metaphor). Reading SR is like being a Mormon at an Irish wake; you may not be drunk but seeing all those Irish people singing Danny Boy with lampshades on their heads makes death a little easier to take.

What I'm trying to say is that SR is my little way of dealing with my frustrations with life and death and silly T.A.s. I don't know how this relates to anything. Thanks for listening to me babble.

Emily Asplund

Emily Asplund

STAFFPERSON OF THE WEEK:

This week we would like to thank Cynthia Ferguson. She is a faithful trooper that helps every week with her own wit and sunshine smile. She entertains with her Van Morrison tapes and sometimes she wears hats. Her artwork has graced the pages of this fine publication with frivolity and style. She is also willing to serve as she has shown many times on her trips to Taco Bell for her fellow workers. Cynthia we hail thee and give you the traditional Student Review cheer. (Spin in a circle on one foot while singing "Cynthia we hail thee" to the tune of *Gloria* by Van Morrison) If you see her please give her the cheer.

THE LIVING DEAD

BY LYNETTE COX

*To love is to be a fish,
My boat wallows in the sea,
You who are free,
rescue the dead.*

What do these lines from the poem "Rescue the Dead," by David Ignatow, have to do with the topic of this article? To tell you the truth, not really anything—except that it is a part of a poem. Which, incidentally, can be a transition into my topic: Dead Poet's Society.

What the crap is that?! you ask. Well, it's not the movie, baby, but it was inspired by that little flick. We have taken the idea of getting together to share poetry and expanded on it. We've turned it into a celebration of sorts. It's a party, a fiesta, a great gala event, a tickle in your tummy, etc. Well, before I get carried away, let me give you some of the basics.

Dead Poet's was started last September by my friend Suzanne Benner who quickly enticed me into helping her with it. We mainly just wanted to get a group of people together to read their own and other people's poetry as a group. Suzanne thought the quickest way to get people to come was by naming it after the movie so many people had seen and liked.

So, that's how it began. We met about once a week in the Reading Center in the JKHB and read poetry. It was fun for a while, but it quickly fizzled out. This semester, Suzanne is too busy, so I have decided to go it alone (although I still tell her everything that we are doing and ask her advice about it). I decided to try to do more than just read stuff because that gets dull after a few weeks. But, the first couple times I offered the group, no one came. When a few people finally showed, we brainstormed some possible activities that would be fun to do this semester. There were a lot of fun ideas thrown out (which I will list later), and I got really excited about doing all of them.

Well, those people who came and made up the list with me have never since returned. But, one person came the next week and has been faithful ever since (you're rad Michelle!). Then, all of a sudden, on the 8th of March, 7 people came! It was great! We laughed, we cried, we planned future events, we bonded, etc. (OK, we didn't cry, but the idea that they all promised to come next week brought joy to my soul!) After getting to know each other a little and talking about what to do next week, we listened to Sean, Randy, and Michelle read some of their own poems, while Lorie and I shared one by someone else. Missy, Mindy, and Amy didn't get a chance to share this time, but they were involved in the lively discussions we had about some of the poems. One poem was even highly debated since it has many possible interpretations (that was actually the poem that was cited at the beginning of this article—you should read it sometime).

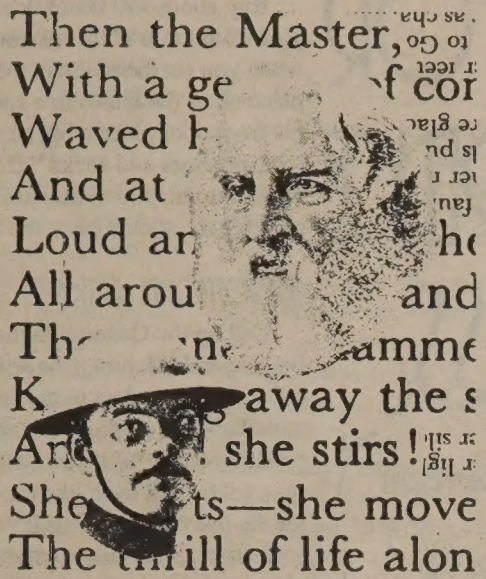
Overall, I think everyone was pleased with how the meeting went and is looking forward to the next meeting. Next week, Lorie will share a poem with us after giving us some background information about the author. This is intended to set the mood for the rest of the meeting. After that we will take turns reading a poem that we feel expresses our personality (everyone is encouraged to write such a poem but has the option to share a different poem if they are too shy to share their own). After that we'll play Poetry Scrabble. It will be great.

Before I end, let me give you the list we came up with for activities we want to do this semester:

1. Share personal or favorite poems
2. Field trips
 - a. Juice 'n Java
 - b. Mama's Cafe (I am working on scheduling a poetry reading night on a Wed.)
3. Biographical presentations—to familiarize ourselves with various poets
4. Performance poetry
5. Theme hours/Beatnik night
6. Guest speakers
7. Videos (make our own home video with us all acting out some poem—this is open to interpretation)
8. New forms of poetry voluntarily taught by members
9. Group poems
10. Games
 - a. Poetry Scrabble
 - b. Poetry-making games
 1. word/question
 2. finishing the line
 3. trade-off

As you can see, we have a lot of fun ideas. If you think you would like to join us, even if you just like listening to poetry, we meet every Wednesday at 4:30 in 1032 JKHB (The Reading Center). I hope to see you there.

Then the Master,
With a ge of cor
Waved h
And at
Loud an he
All arou and
Th n amme
K is away the s
And she stirs!
She ts—she move
The thrill of life alon



INTERNATIONAL CINEMA: THE NEXT BEST THING

BY CHRISTIAN MARKHAM

Have you ever wanted to tour the world? Explore cultures, languages, and the personalities of the people you share the earth with? Many of those who live in Utah Valley have the desires and aspirations to get away from it, but can't. However, they do have the next best thing: BYU's highly acclaimed International Cinema.

For over 40 years now, foreign film viewing has existed at BYU—originally in the form of small viewings to students enrolled in foreign language classes. These viewings provided a chance for students to hear natives speak the language. By the early 1970s they had developed into a program which delivered great artistic cinema for all who wished to attend. It wasn't until the Spencer W. Kimball Tower was erected that International Cinema found a permanent home in 250 SWKT.

BYU's International Cinema program is the greatest and most extensive university foreign film program in the nation. Most campuses only have periods in which foreign films will be shown in their regular theater facilities. Because the Humanities and Language departments provide the majority of funding for International Cinema, for a small admission fee of one dollar (or free with an International Cinema card), we can enjoy a vast array of world art throughout the semester.

Professor Donald Marshall has been the director of the program for over 20 years now. To select the films shown at International Cinema he travels to film festivals around the world. Obtaining the films can be quite an ordeal. Take a look at the International Cinema poster once again and you'll see the titles of many not-so-easy to obtain motion pictures such as *Remains of the Day* and *Henry V*. Marshall also seeks out less well-known films by cutting-edge filmmakers, which you can't just pick up in the foreign section of Blockbuster Video. In fact, Marshall is the one who tells Blockbuster which foreign films they ought to buy. Many films which aren't available through Blockbuster may be found at Orem Public Library or Tower Theater in Salt Lake.

One common misconception about International Cinema is that the films are not edited. Prof. Marshall explains that because most offenses from these films are merely language, they will appear in the subtitles, and it would be impossible to white out the subtitles frame by frame. So unless the subtitle is bad enough to elicit removal of that scene, some four letter words will remain. It is expected that the audience can handle this. Of course if there is nudity or a racy scene, it will be edited out.

I asked Marshall which films in the remainder of the semester he recommends, and these are the titles he gave:

Henry V—Kenneth Brannagh is an incredible director and performer, and Marshall considers this film to be his favorite film adaptation of a Shakespearean play.

Raise the Red Lantern—A beautiful and elegant masterpiece depicting ancient China.

The Nasty Girl—Despite what the title may imply the protagonist of this film is given this nickname because of her persistence in digging up the truth about her small German town's dark past. Marshall highly recommends this film for its wit and entertaining approach to the unsettling chapter of Nazism in world history.

Other highly recommended films are *Fool's Fire*, *Oedipus Rex*, and *Baraka* (which is an incredible visual/musical experience with not one word of dialogue).

It is anticipated that during the Fall 1995 semester International Cinema will once again deliver some popular films based on great literature. You can expect to see on the list such films as *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Jane Eyre*, *Death of a Salesman*, *Howard's End*, *The House of Bernarda Alba*, *Uncle Vanya*, and the brand new *Vanya on 42nd Street* (by the makers of *My Dinner With Andre*).

College provides the opportunity to bend, expand, and mature our appreciation and knowledge of the world, and International Cinema is a rewarding artistic, cultural experience which can develop our understanding. Don't take for granted the opportunity to see these rare and wonderful films!



Campus Life

These ideas for asking "that special someone" to Preference were recently found in a trash can near U-Hall. As always, consult your doctor before starting this or any other Preference asking.

THE MOLOTOV COCKTAIL

Fill an ordinary Snapple bottle full of kerosene. Place the message "Will you be my flame at preference this year?" in the bottle wrapped in flame resistant material. Place a handkerchief in the bottle. When he opens his window, light the handkerchief and throw it inside. (If he doesn't open his window, just throw it through.)

SEARCH FOR THE MESSAGE

You have to get a roommate's help for this one. Send your date-to-be on a treasure hunt. Get his roommate to give him the first clue, leading him all around Provo getting clues to the next clue until he finally ends up at the sewage treatment plant. Provide a message: "Look for the last clue in the human waste pile" (professionals provide gloves). Have him dig around yesterday's dinner for about 30 minutes, or however long you feel necessary. Show up to the plant, tap him on the shoulder (you should probably have gloves for this, too), and say, "Don't give me any crap, go with me to preference!" (Any real man appreciates a sense of humor.)

WILDERNESS WORDS

For the guy who loves the outdoors, buy about 50 fish of different varieties and, in a fish of your choice, place a message. Get his roommate to dump all fifty fish on his bed with the message on top: "You fillet me!" (A good pun will get you farther than you imagine.) After he has gutted the fish and found your message "Don't flounder, go with me to Preference," come by and pick up the fish and sell them for a slight profit. (Preference isn't free, you know.) Before Preference, have the leftovers of the fish for dinner—unless he is too sick.

CADAVER MANIA

Like "Wilderness Words," except you place your surprise in a human cadaver's heart found at BYU anatomy lab, open from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m. The message: "Don't break my heart, ask me to Preference." (If he doesn't know much about exploratory surgery, provide a manual.)

FUN WITH CHEMISTRY

Send him two bottles—one with the message "Drink me if you want to go with (your name) to Preference" and the other with the command "Drink me if you don't." If you plan it

TURK'S TIPS FOR PREFERENCE BLISS

BY TURK ROBINSON



right, the "no" liquid will give him chronic bladder problems, and the "yes" stuff will turn his skin a different color (hopefully to match your turquoise dress).

KISS ME BABY

Buy about 100 Hershey's Kisses from the Candy Jar and 100 stick pins from the BYU Bookstore. In each of the Kisses, place a pin so that when you set them down, the pins are sticking up. Go into his dorm and place all of the kisses in a special pattern on the floor. On the front of his front door place a big sunshine poster that says, "Follow custom, remove shoes and socks." If you arrange the Kisses right, as soon as he walks into his room, the message "Don't stick me; go with me to preference" should be at the bottom of his feet.

DEVOTIONAL ANTICS

Call up the General Authority who will speak at the next 19 stake fireside and ask him if he will do you a favor. At the fireside, have him call your future date to the stand in front of the Marriott Center capacity crowd and the millions watching it by satellite. Have him ask your potential date, "Will you will take (your name) to Preference?" If he says no, he will look like the biggest jerk and no one will ask him out for the rest of his time at BYU. As an extra bonus, he won't get an ecclesiastical endorsement due to saying no to a General Authority.

Warning: Be careful! Always call the General Authority first! Don't just run up to the podium with a message in one hand and a telephone receiver in the other. This has been proven not to work.

JODIE'S CHARM

Rent all of those campy Disney movies that star Jodie Foster as that troublesome adolescent. (Don't, I repeat, don't get confused with Hayley Mills!) Tape the eyeballs of your lover open while he is locked into a comfy chair. (Administer eye drops if necessary.) At the end of the movies, appear dressed up like Jodie. He won't be able to resist!

CRAB BAG

Get together the following items and put them in a large brown bag: chocolate chip cookie dough, nacho cheese dip, a flame thrower, Barney® Marbles, a 20-volume set of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and a tin of Spam Lite. The combined application for these materials is unprintable. Use your imagination.

Editor's Note: Turk personally promised me he would start attending group therapy if we printed this article.

Campus Life's SERVICE To Go

BY CANDICE STEWART

How many times have we heard about the benefits of service—that if we serve others we will feel better about ourselves, and may actually be blessed with extra time to complete all our necessary tasks? Well, since I believe everything I hear, and I also currently find myself suffering from what we affectionately refer to as "mid-terms," I try to ease this severe angst—try to find pleasure amidst suffocation by performing acts of service.

A quick survey through my rolodex of charities revealed a group often overlooked as worthy of help: the male species. Men seem to be getting a bad rap these days, and it seems that it is the dichotomy within female desire that causes men to fall short of expectations. These days a man should be able to: cry during movies like *Shadowlands*, and *Legends of the Fall*; know what espresso is and have a favorite kind; whip up an ensemble of melon ball melody and at the same time put on the snow chains in a blizzard; grunt loudly whenever lifting any heavy object; and know absolutely everything about cars, science, technology, and all those other "manly" things.

This paradox is an understandable plight for the male species, especially considering that they have no identifiable

leader, and that all men really know about women is that they want one. Unfortunately they are not properly equipped by nature to attain this goal on their own. Hence, for my service project I have compiled a simple list of things men should consider when trying to attract a woman—a reference guide, if you will.

HAVE:

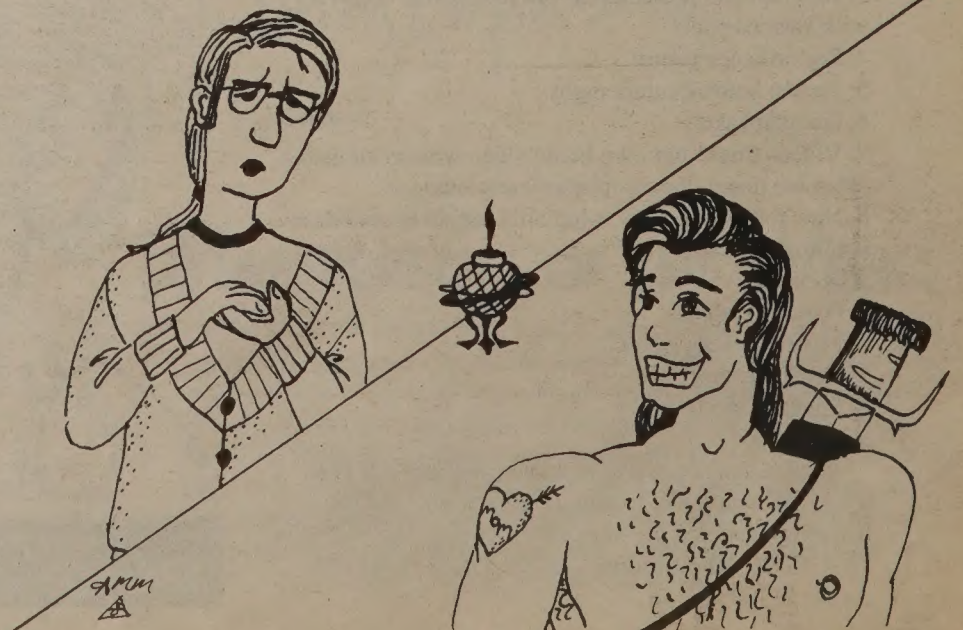
1. A firm grasp on the English language. This includes avoiding archaic phrases like "chick," "babe," and "pull my finger."
2. A belt. My friend once told me of an ancient Chinese proverb which says, "A man without a belt is like a house that needs fixing up."
3. A Liahona. This, of all items on the list, is the most important. Without your own Liahona message you will never be able to determine what is appropriate at the given moment: Is now the time to be a sensitive ponytail man or should you assert some sort of testosterone forced dominance? A Liahona will guide you through a woman's moods, and without it your guess is as good as mine.

AVOID:

1. A Velcro wallet. To be on the safe

side, avoid anything Velcro, but wallets especially. There is nothing more unnerving than the sound of a Velcro wallet being ripped open amidst a lunchtime crowd.

2. A preoccupation with Jodie Foster. There is something extremely suspect about a man whose favorite movie is *Freaky Friday*.
3. Owning a Salt-N-Peppa' CD.
4. Tendencies such as items 2 and 3.



Important Historical and Research Documents!

DISCOVERED BY CLARK MCBRIDE

Dear Journal,
Dec. 5, 1994.

Good news! Dr. Leaky has supported my proposal and it looks like the project will begin in just a short month. I'm so excited about this observation. I hope I can blend in with the primitives at Provo; hopefully my observations of them and their mating habits will get me that talk show I've always dreamed of. I'm already writing down the guest list now. Don't you think that people can never get enough of Jerry Lewis? Write you later.

P.S. I'd be so excited if Jodie Foster would play my mother in the rockumentary that MTV News will end up doing on me because of this project.

Dear Journal,
January 9th, 1995.

I'm here in Provo. It's a quaint little villa south of the Great Salt Lake with ample young female and male counterparts. So far my observations are going well. I have a common domicile with a pack (about five males) of this Mormon species and they have no clue whatsoever. I've managed to find a secluded corner in this domicile, near the blaring television (which for some reason doesn't have that 24-hour Jodie Foster channel like mine does back home in California). In this corner I've managed to stash some routine pencils and papers and if I move very patiently, with a non-threatening tone, my subjects seem to be fairly docile.

Onto my observations. I've learned that flatulence seems to be a bonding experience within this subculture. Also, continual talk about the opposite sex is prevalent, and I'm amazed to find that some of these creatures have learned a second language and use it to partake of profanity.

Of the group, the largest two appear to be brothers, I've named them Digit and Kato. There are three other scrawny versions of these species, one is technically inclined, so I call him Byte, get it? Byte! The other two seem to do well. The scrawny blonde one is the most interesting to observe, he seems to have a swarm of the female species around him. He appears to have resolved those difficult moral issues of having more than one or two or three or even five females, by just letting those species know that he could care less about their thoughts. I'm intrigued to study some more.

Dear Journal,
January 9th, 1995.

Dr. Leaky will be most impressed by the empirical data I have garnered thus far. Digit is constantly stating, "I just want some action," aloud in the apartment. I have observed him addressing the opposite sex in terms of smell and organs and the other night I noticed he managed to trap a female in his own private domicile. All I heard was laughter, so I'm unsure if he attempted to mate. Since it was female laughter, I'm sure she must have noticed something fairly amusing about him. I've named the scrawny blonde one Tofu, and he is still busy bringing several different females into his room throughout the week. I wish I had gotten a grant to purchase standard surveillance equipment. The closest I can get is about ten feet from his door in a corner without him noticing and reacting wildly, finding a branch or stick and trying to chase after me with it. I'm not sure, but I think the flash of the camera is what is setting him off.

P.S. I've sent two letters to Jodie Foster in the last month but haven't heard a

word from her. I wonder what it will take for her to respond to me.

Dear Journal,
January 25th, 1995.

Tofu is doing well. He now seems to be very trusting. (Especially since I've switched to a film type that doesn't require any light.) Also, I've found that making a cheesecake with cherries on it will bring him out of his domicile for a few moments and he'll even grunt out a few terms of thought like, "Sexual chocolate," "Barbara is like butter," "There once was a man named Joan." Needless to say, I've been administering a WB IQ test, unbeknownst to him, and so far he appears to be about the average of this subspecies here in Provo.

There was snow today and I wore my favorite sweater.

On to other news, Kato told me to "F*&% off" the other day. I might have taken this as a threat, but this seems to be a form of bonding for him. He does it to everyone in the apartment and then extends his middle digit from his hand. Kato seems to be the more determined of the individuals in this apartment. The other day one of the other subjects, Todd, made some rice and beans and Kato thanked him kindly for making it with a slap to the face. Odd, they both just laughed and flatulated loudly. I don't know what to tell Dr. Leaky. I've also heard from a colleague in the area who is doing the same study in the Branbury Preserve and he seems to be getting some bizarre, strange, even frightening data; I'm totally jealous. Perhaps Dr. Leaky will allow me to go to this Branbury on a field study so that I may

observe mating behavior more openly.

P.S. I miss Jodie now more than ever. Even an acceptance letter to work on *Talk Soup* after this assignment can't prevent me from feeling alone in this cesspool called Provo.

Dear Journal,
February 1st, 1995.

Kato and Digit and Tofu went dancing together. Apparently they did this to collect some female numbers under their belt for use later on. Digit had a female spend the entire night with him. Byte stayed in his own private domicile alone for another consecutive night. I think he is setting a record in this preserve. Needless to say, I'm to present my results this April on the *Montel Williams Show*. I only hope that my Jodie, that young vibrant thing from *Freaky Friday*, will be watching.

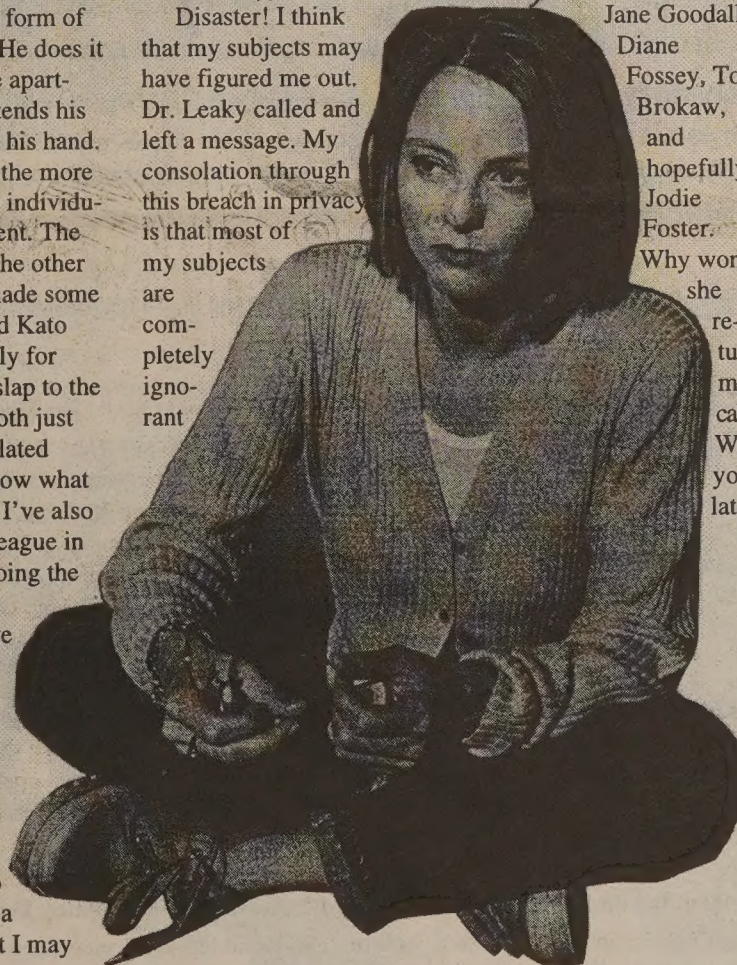
Dear Journal,
Feb. 5th, 1995.

Disaster! I think that my subjects may have figured me out. Dr. Leaky called and left a message. My consolation through this breach in privacy is that most of my subjects are completely ignorant

of the real world. Digit, Kato and Tofu are not the thinkers of this group, but I'm rather afraid that Todd, a scrawny dark haired male may figure it out. Needless to say, my survey is almost complete and I've been evaluating the data and can come to some astounding conclusions about BYU.

Firstly, hormones are a bristling and powerful force in the single-Mormon subculture. Secondly, Jodie Foster thinks she's God's gift to men. Thirdly, females at BYU are extremely young and under-cultured compared with the rest of the American society. Fourthly, males at BYU are ignorant and attracted to easily accessible, equally dim females (Lucky me, I know that none of them would be interested in such a gem as that beautiful Jodie Foster). Dr. Leaky will be pleased with my results. I can't wait for *Talk Soup*, either. This report is going to put me up there with greats like

Jane Goodall, Diane Fossey, Tom Brokaw, and hopefully Jodie Foster. Why won't she return my calls? Write you later.



Top Twenty

1. Canada
2. go-go dancers
3. curly fries
4. The Big Bopper
5. silver
6. jack-o-lanterns
7. swimpigs
8. Powdered Toast Man
9. plastic beads
10. raindrops on roses...
11. crepes
12. Mr. T
13. wah pedals
14. satisfaction
15. dentist lamps
16. Red Green Show
17. jigsaw puzzles
18. soft pretzels
19. Paul Simon
20. space age polymers

BOTTOM TEN

Satan, rejection, boot camp, dentists, bad kissers, Religion 211 Section 400, fin & tail rot, Lex Luther, parking meters, fatigue

WHOLESOME GOODNESS IN EVERY BITE

HEATHER B. HAMILTON

Despite very sound evidence to the contrary, *not everything in my life is an outlet for my sexual frustration*. That I constantly daydream about the Preferred Stock Man in nothing but half-socks, or that I sleep with an inflatable Brad Pitt doll has nothing to do with the many worthwhile activities that fill my free time between lucrative ski trips. One of many such rewarding activities is my voracious consumption of breakfast cereal. To us cold cereal connoisseurs, breakfast cereal is not just an early morning tummy tingler—it is a way of life. I have a collection of brilliantly colored cereal boxes which, if stacked vertically with the nutrition labels facing out, would exceed my near six-foot frame and threaten the ceiling. What I've compiled below is the result of over four dedicated years to the bowl and spoon, and I'm confident that there will be no disputation amongst you.

Top Three Cereals Worth Your Two Hours Wages:

Rice Krispies Treats Cereal

These wholesome crispy clusters of toasted rice ecstasy are even better than the real thing. With or without milk, it is by far the most rewarding cereal by taste. Whenever one of those huge clumps falls out of the box and into the echoing bowl, I can only sit, stare and revel in my glory—"I, me, I got a clumpy chunk!" I may or may not eat it, because once it's gone it'll be at least three or four more breakfasts before another one comes along (kinda like a good makeout, though I wouldn't know, I'm only assuming).

Wheaties: The Breakfast of Champions

The crowning jewel of my cereal box collection is the NFL 75th Anniversary Collectors Edition of these splendiferous whole-wheat flakes. Wheaties are nutritious (1 gram of fat, 45 percent of the recommended daily intake of iron, and plenty o' fiber), they're big, they're

SEE CEREAL ON PAGE 9

Student Review March 22, 1995



Issues & Opinions

INTERVIEW WITH

Last week we published an interview with BYU professor Brian Evenson concerning some issues with BYU administration over his book, *Altmann's Tongue*. Here is an interview I had with Brent Harker, representing the BYU administration, on the same issues.

Q: What exactly is your role in this situation?

A: I'm representing the administration.

Q: And the English department specifically?

A: I guess it's the English department as well, since Jay Fox won't talk to you. I'm speaking on his behalf as far as I can.

Q: Were BYU employers aware of the contents of Evenson's book when they hired him?

A: From what I understand Brian was up front and said that he had a manuscript that was difficult. So, as far as I know he disclosed. I don't know if anyone read the manuscript in detail.

Q: Were there any concerns over it then?

A: Not that I'm aware of.

Q: Why has the concern come now?

A: The book, as you picked up on, was basically the product of what he did before he came here. I guess when it was actually published there was a dust cover on it that mentioned BYU and that he was a professor here, so it made BYU very much a part of the book. That wasn't included in a manuscript, so there was no foreseeing that that was going to happen. I really don't know if they looked closely

enough at the manuscript before he was hired. I guess the concern comes with the publication of the book. If you look at other cases where controversial books come out, it all starts with the publication.

Q: The book came out in November and this only seemed to become an issue recently. Were there concerns before the anonymous letter was sent?

A: There were concerns before the anonymous letter was sent, and the letter is no longer anonymous. The student has come forward and by now will have had a conversation with Brian.

Q: Was it anonymous when it was first sent?

A: Yes. The student signed it as "an anonymous student." Jay Fox was aware of her identity and I guess played a part in getting her together with Brian. It's just a difficult situation to have anonymous people complaining about your work. Brian asks that if people have concerns about his work, to please come talk to him, and I think that has happened.

Q: When administrators decide what to do will they put equal weight on opinions in favor of the book as those opposed to the book?

A: Well, I don't want you to frame this in terms of a political process, because that's not what's going to happen. We don't operate politically here. We don't take the negatives and weigh them, and the positives and weigh them, based on how many people you can muster on each side. That's one thing that people always miss about BYU, that we're not a state institution and we don't function politically. People keep trying to make us function politically, but we don't.

Q: So how do you function? My understanding is that someone, dissatisfied, wrote a letter of complaint, it went down the chain of authority, and this situation resulted. If that's not correct, what happened?

A: The people who had concerns about the book took their concerns directly to the board of trustees and the members of the board saw it and expressed concerns about it.

Q: About the letter or the book?

A: About the book. But, they took that decision and put it back down on the department level. The board wasn't saying "Do this" or "Do that." They have opinions about the book but they're saying, "This is a decision that you have to make on your department level." They deliberately said they weren't getting involved in this process. That's what has happened at this point. The department chair and Brian have had discussions. The dean and Brian have had discussions. The dean and department chairs' jobs are supposed to orient a new faculty member and help them understand the realities of life and so on, and that's what they're doing. In most cases those ought to be private conversations and in most cases they are. This one has become public and has become, in the process, much more difficult. The dean and the department chair are talking to Brian in good faith, without threat. Faculty members are typically appointed one year at a time for three years, and at the end of three years they are evaluated by committees of their peers. That process is still two years away, so it's important for us that we don't hold out threats saying, "Do this or else you're gone." But a department chair who is plugged into the university and knows it well can say, "Please be aware of the affects your work may have on your peers and on those who will judge you down the road. Just be wise and think about it."

Q: So, when it comes to situations like the complaint about Evenson, does the board of trustees participate in making decisions, or do they simply bring the complaint to the attention of the administration?

A: I don't know who brought it to the attention of the administration; it just sort of exploded all at once.

Q: You don't know how it happened?

A: Well, the anonymous letter went up, but there were conversations and concerns before the letter. There are many issues where people just go to the board of trustees and say, "Fix it," and we have a mixture of people on campus with right-wing views and left-wing views and centrist views, and that's the way a campus ought to be. If the board responded with policy and decisions it would be chaos, so they don't; they just send it back down to be dealt with.

Q: What is the best action for someone to take if they have a complaint?

A: Well the first person you ought to complain to is the person who offended you; that's a scriptural principle. If people have complaints against Brian, go talk to him and see where he's coming from. If they don't get satisfaction they should talk to his department chair and so forth. That's one of the reasons we have an academic freedom document. It sets out the procedures and policies that keep decision-making at the department or college level. Having an academic freedom document on how the faculty members are chosen and promoted keeps the decision-making process here and doesn't allow for freelancers to come in and impose decisions.

Q: But in this situation, the anonymous letter went directly to the board of trustees and they read it, took it into consideration, and acted upon it?

A: No, they sent it back down.

Q: Earlier you gave the impression that they expressed concern over the book.

A: They expressed their opinions but they didn't get involved.

Q: Don't you think expressing opinions constitutes involvement since their opinions carry so much weight?

A: Well, I don't think so. If people hadn't gone and complained to them they probably wouldn't have expressed those opinions, but they were invited to by being exposed to the book. So they've expressed opinions but it doesn't mean they make decisions about the future of faculty.

Q: Is it true that Evenson's job may be threatened if he publishes his next book?

BRENT HARKER

BY ASHLY JENSEN

A: Jay Fox sent him a memo which sounded threatening but he pulled it back and gave him an amended memo.

Q: So it was miscommunication?

A: I don't know if it was miscommunication. The first memo was inappropriate, the second one was better. Jay tried to take the threat out of it and leave the advice in as a helpful colleague and department chair suggesting, "This is what you ought to be thinking about," but not threatening.

Q: Do you have any concerns about how this situation could effect the reputation of BYU, especially if it escalates?

A: When you think about the reputation of BYU you have to think about the various audiences. Our most important audience is the board of trustees, then the students and the tithe-paying members.

Q: Since this is a university, don't you have to consider other audiences, such as graduate schools and future employers?

A: The hiring of graduates only gets better and better over the years. We have had many issues like this come and go. The employers love to get BYU students because they are in the main, honest, hardworking. They're ideal employees and they build the reputation of the university based on their track record. These controversies that come and go affect different audiences in different ways. They tend to reinforce the support of the tithe payers and tend to alienate a certain segment of the public that doesn't like us anyway, and never paid a penny to support the institution.

Q: Do you think maybe there are students attending here, and people who pay tithes, who are upset by some of these situations?

A: Yes, and we don't want to upset them, but we don't want to deviate from our mission. Sometimes people get upset because we're a religious institution and that's a little strange because we've been that since 1875.

Q: But I think that within the definition and goals of a religious institution there are still issues that aren't black and white. I think this situation with Evenson is an example, where we have a literary work that is open to interpretation. Do you think it's valid to say there are different opinions on how to resolve these situations with similar motivations of maintaining a religious institution?

A: Sure it is, and as I've mentioned I've talked to Brian, and in his mind this is a moral act. The purpose of his writing, to him, is pure and fits in with BYU's mission. So, it's not an easy issue to think about. That's why we need time and why we need to struggle with it, and we hope that this public debate doesn't polarize the issue. When it becomes public, and one side makes a statement in the press and the other side responds and it becomes like a war with volleys being shot at each other, then we don't make any progress. That's why we've tried very hard to talk one-on-one with Brian, and get his views, and understand where he is coming from. I guess there will come a point where BYU has to decide as an institution, we're taking this path, and Brian has to decide if he's going to take that path, or we have to decide if we're going to take the path with him and somehow we can live together. I hope that we can be given time to think and debate and mull that issue over and not have to decide everything right now.

Q: There is the issue of Evenson's book, but there also seems to be the issue of what will be acceptable reading for the English department, because there are judgments being made on this book that are going to reflect on other books. What do you think about this?

A: Well I've heard that if you look at the literature in the library, there is material that is objectionable to some people, but the question is, what do you limit? I don't know; I can't decide that.

Q: Does the university intend to clarify further what is acceptable for professors to write and teach and what isn't.

A: Well, I think we'll be forced to through this issue and others. We'll just have to see. If you look at the Academic Freedom Document it pretty much leaves everything open, except for three specific restrictions on freedom. The faculty members who come here come with the knowledge of those restrictions, which are: that faculty members do not attack or deride the church leadership, that they do not contradict fundamental church doctrine, and that they do not violate the honor code. Otherwise they are free.

Q: So do the administrators feel Evenson's book has violated any of those three?

A: Not yet. We're not going to make an immediate decision yet.

Q: So what's the issue now?

A: There are a couple of issues. One is the decision making process, on his future and the future of literature. Another is expressing concerns about this work, and they're separate for me. Read the work, and it's brutal, sadistic, sick, extremely violent. Didn't you think so?

Q: I think that is debatable. Do you acknowledge that that is just one point of view on the work?

A: Yes. It evokes an emotional response and people react to it, so we hear them reacting. That's separate from the decision-making process.

Q: But does it affect it?

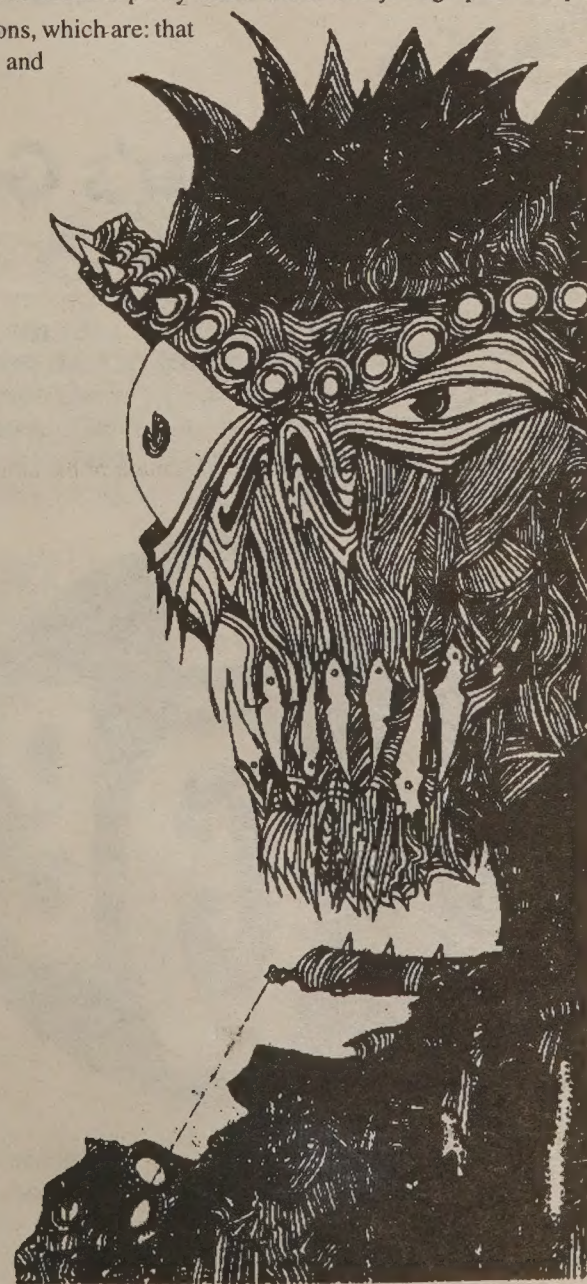
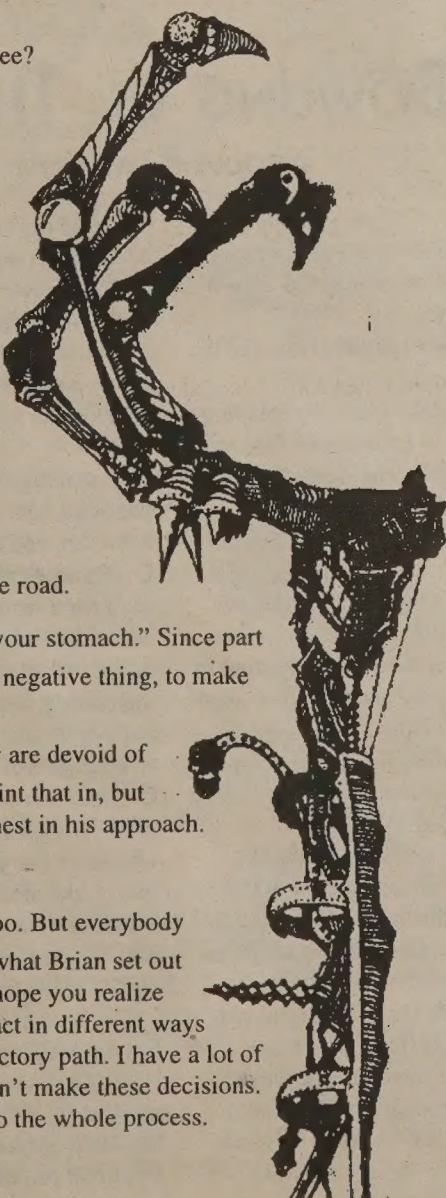
A: All the expression of opinion? Sure. It might affect it somewhere down the road.

Q: You were quoted in another article as saying the book made you "sick to your stomach." Since part of the book's purpose is to deglamorize violence, do you see this as a negative thing, to make violence appear revolting?

A: I see Brian's point; I see why he did it. As you look at the characters, they are devoid of morality. If he were sympathetic to any of the characters he would paint that in, but he's not. He shows them as morally dead inside. I agree that he is honest in his approach.

Q: Would you like to add anything?

A: I hope you can do a fair job. I can see you have strong opinions about it too. But everybody involved has strong opinions. It's that kind of book, which is part of what Brian set out to do—a book with strong opinions—and in that sense he succeeded. I hope you realize that the university is sincere, as is Brian. It's healthy that we all interact in different ways and I hope as we go down the road we can come to a mutually satisfactory path. I have a lot of respect for Brian and I don't doubt for a minute his sincerity, but I don't make these decisions. It will go through the BYU community and I think that is a strength to the whole process. Whatever we come out with will be a community decision.



PICKLE BRUCE

BY MELANEE HUNT

Bruce Lee, the lead singer for Skankin' Pickle had been manning the merchandise table single-handedly for the first part of the show. This was the first time that I talked to him, and it was really just about merchandising—where the money is really made. The second time was about 10 minutes after Skankin' Pickle had finished their highly energetic and crowd-pleasing set, and I could see that Bruce was quite tired, and so, at the risk of being an obnoxious reporter, I asked him if we could sit down and chat. He told me that would be great if he could just get some gum from me. I was down for the gum; he was down for the interview. We went backstage behind the building, into the cool night air, so that we could both cool down and get away from the inferno that was the UVSC gym.

ME: So, how long have you guys been together now?

BRUCE: Oh, about 6 years now. That's a good while.

ME: yeah, it is. How did you all hook up?

BRUCE: We met in high school in Northern California.

At this point, two girls who have sneaked backstage come running up to Bruce giggling and asking for autographs. I find this amusing, as they aren't really THAT big.

ME: Is that weird for you?

BRUCE: Not really. After a few years you get used to it. Oh, man! Listen to me! I hate rock stars! It's just a conscious effort not to get this way after so long and so many things.

ME: I'd like to say I understand. So how many albums have you guys done now?

BRUCE: Uh, we have 3 albums and one live thing, so that's 4 altogether.

ME: So are you touring to promote a new

one, then?

BRUCE: Well, we're really touring to promote "Sing Along with Skankin' Pickle," our third album. The live one doesn't actually come out until June.

ME: So how far are you touring?

BRUCE: Uh, we're covering 30 states this time around.

ME: That's pretty good.

At this point, we start talking about the fact that Bruce has given five interviews already tonight. I apologize to him for this inconvenience, as I realize it's probably really boring and a pain in the butt. He tells me it's really cool, and that this one is his favorite yet because no one really asked him much about his music, and since it's his life right now, he felt a little displaced by their questions. I explain to him that it's because although this stuff is important to know, it's

not that interesting to everybody, and that this is why I must ask some questions that I myself have been wondering.

ME: So, do you

floss?

BRUCE: Oh, man!

Only about twice a

week. I'm so lazy! Why? How often do you floss?

ME: Hey, I'm the one asking the questions here, bucko! No, actually, I am the world's worst flosser. I hate to do it. I think I'm more like only once a week.

BRUCE: Now I don't feel so bad. I know I should floss more.

ME: Yeah, me too. Even when I had braces, I hated to do it.

BRUCE: Yeah! I had braces too! You had

to use those little threader things! They sucked!

Now Bruce and I begin talking about braces and retainers and cuts and all that is entailed with the horrific experiences of years past. Some other guy comes out and asks Bruce something in his ear, ending our conversation. Bruce answers him in the affirmative, and we are back to real interviewing.

ME: So, tell me how cool you are,

Bruce.

BRUCE: Uh, woah. I've never had to answer that one.

ME: Sorry, it's my trademark question. You have to answer it this time.

BRUCE: Well, I'm really not cool. I'm just a good boy. I try to enjoy everything.

ME: Did you ever take any singing lessons?

BRUCE: No. Nobody in the band ever took lessons.

ME: So, you guys have played here a lot. Do you like Provo crowds?

BRUCE: I love Utah!! I wanted to move here.

We start talking about people here and people there and just people in general until somehow, the conversation leads to record deals and Bruce tells me:

BRUCE: Yeah, we're just a for-fun band. I mean, we've turned down 3 record deals already. We just don't need that right now.

We do okay on our own without all those other people to try and please.

ME: So, who were your musical heroes growing up?

BRUCE: hmm. my rockstars. When I was growing up, it was Fishbone, and Oingo Boingo, yeah, and Bad Manners...oh, and DEVO. Yeah, Devo is crazy.

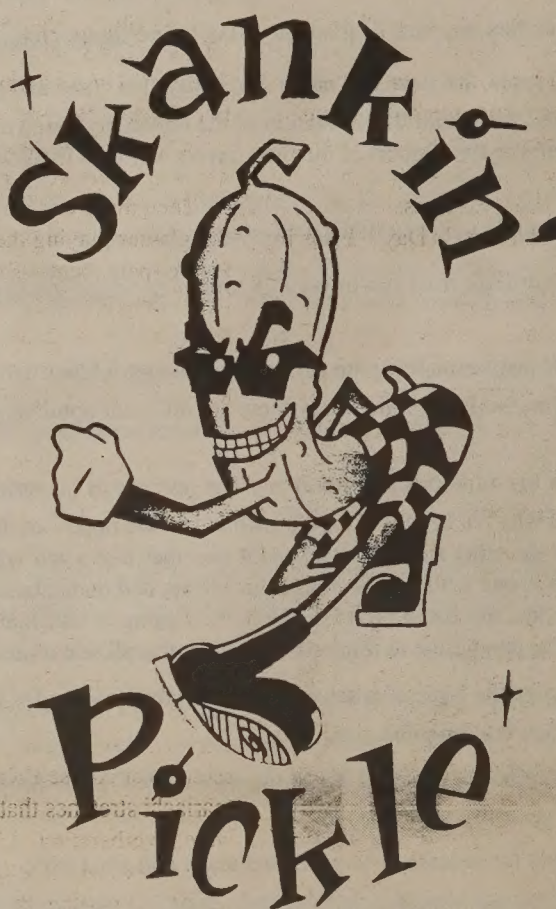
Bruce and I discuss DEVO for some time and an incident involving my friend's dad dancing half naked while we were videotaping. We laugh for a minute, and then the question-guy from earlier returns to steal my celebrity.

BRUCE: I gotta go.

ME: That's cool. Thanks so much for your time. I know how wiped you are.

BRUCE: No problem at all. Thanks for the gum. I always need it after a show.

Well, what a nice guy. HEY, PICK IT UP!



LET'S GO BOWLING VS. THE SODA JERKS!

LUSCIOUS & JAYD CREW

Alright, so they declined our challenge to a friendly game of soccer. As a matter of fact, nobody wanted to play soccer with us (Aquabat Chad thought we were freaks!). However, being the amateur journalists that we are (and fans elated to have "Access to All

Areas" passes at Ska Patrick's Day!), we again accosted Let's Go Bowling after their brilliant set and subjected them to random questions completely unrelated to their

music (much to our editor's chagrin). So, here is a brief (expletive-free) transcript of what LGB had to say. Present were Dean Olmstead (tenor sax), Paul (guitar), and the drummer guy (didn't quite take the time to get his name!). Enjoy...

LUSCIOUS (L): Tell us about your tour.

DEAN (D): We are currently mid-tour—3 weeks down, 2 to go.

MELANEE (M, our editor): How did the band get together?

D: We were all friends originally, playing in local bands. We are all "classically" trained, having played in Honors orchestras, marching bands, and symphonic bands. We got together sometime around 1986, starting to play out of state around 1987.

JAYD (J): What's the connection to the wacky world of ska?

D: We use basic ska rhythms and allow the horns to solo on top to create the jazz improvisation feel.

J: Do you still enjoy it?

D: If we didn't, we

wouldn't be together anymore. However, I am a bit jaded by the industry. But don't print that. That was just between you and me! (Oh, come on, we've all seen MTV. How could you not be jaded?!?!?)

L: What is your favorite dinner?

D: There is nothing like a good chocolate malt between North Dakota and... (some undisclosed location explained by random expletives). We live for malts! (And that's not just a plug for the Soda Jerks!)

L: What do you think of socialized medicine?

D: Anything the government gets their hands on gets pretty *#&\$%@ up!

J: So, are you an anarchist?

D: (Random gibberish between Dean and Jayd for a while about how reformed anarchism mixed with pseudo-capitalism might just work! This was thoroughly interesting, but unfortunately cut short by our oppressive editor!)

J: What do you honestly think of Utah?

D: There are some really cool people and great kids here. However, I think that whenever the government cracks down on things like alcohol and drugs, it just spurs a backlash. And, you cannot find any good pot! (Figure it out, kids, "Let's Go 'Bowling'?" What could that possibly mean?)

L: Do you have any pets?

P: I have a girlfriend if you want to count her!! (Okay, Voice, before you get too worked up, he was just kidding!)

M: What do you think of go-go dancers?

P: I think physical exhibitionism is cool, as long as the participants are willing and the

intent is not to "sexploit!"

J: What are your favorite talk shows?

D: Jenny Jones

P: Jerry Springer

That Drummer guy that walked in about now: Howard Stern!

J: What would get you on a talk show?

D: My obsession with 400-pound women!

L: If you could sleep with any female rock star, who would it be?

D: Bjork and Sheryl Crow—have you seen her lips?!?!? I wouldn't waste my time with Madonna!

P: Delores O'Riordan (Cranberries lead yodeler) and the original cast of Facts of Life!

D: Yeah, anyone from What's Happening?

J: Male and female?!?!?

D: Yeah! Especially Re-Run!!!

Everybody: Any good gossip before we quit?

D: Yeah (in a hushed voice...), Skankin' Pickle never wears underwear!

L: Doesn't that chafe?

D: Yes! That's why they're so bitter!!!

Alright, needless to say, these guys were really down-to-earth (translation: not rock stars with aloof attitudes), and a blast to hang out with. We gave them directions to Denny's, but they never showed! No soccer! No Denny's! They're lucky we still love them anyway...

MY LUCKY SKA PATRICK'S DAY

BY MARIANNE HOLT

Last Friday night I had a big choice. John Denver and Eddie Money were in Salt Lake with America, Parker and the boys were throwing their Get Lucky Craps-Fest, and Sonic Garden had it going on with a Ska Patrick's show. I chose the latter and my bad ass attitude has never been finer. I'm glad I didn't give into the wimpy desire for Denver's "Rocky Mountain High."

It's always a pleasure to see Utah's eclectic collection of rude boys moshing the night away. While talking to Tristen, a visiting East Coast skanker, I learned that the ska style in Utah is quite different than our brothers back east. Tristen said that in the East they wear their attitude. However, at the Ska Patrick's show most were closet ska fans; on the East Coast bands stop the music when the crowd starts moshing. You either skank to yourself or you don't dance at all.

The crowd at Ska Patrick's Day was huge. I don't know what I expected, but

there were more funky rockers than I thought existed in the valley. I know this is probably cultural ignorance on my part—but I couldn't help but be totally impressed with the moshing, rocking, skanking crowd. It took the giant UVSC gym to hold us in. I was quite proud of Terry Xanthos for bringing us this grandiose event. Well, enough static, let's look at the bands, whose combined masculinity would outweigh even the Chicago Bears. Okay, before I go any further, I have a confession. At the concert I was reminded that I have this intense passion (I won't even pretend it's simply love) for horns. Trumpet or saxophone—no questions asked—a man that can play a horn can have me every single day and twice on Sundays. Well, needless to say, my brassy passion was well satisfied at Ska Patty's Day—I was in heaven.

The Soda Jerks opened with good tunes and their beautiful dancing girls. The Aquabats rocked my world in their skin-

tight bat suits. The huge "A" on their chest reminded me of the super hero costumes I used to play in when I was five. Although I lacked the sexy "A" on my chest, I had a big fat power star for Superwoman. But, I was never as cool as the ten guys in Aquabats. My lust for horns was madly aroused when they did a brassy cover of Duran Duran's "Hungry Like a Wolf." There is only one word to describe this cover—Luscious.

Stretsch Armstrong did their home crowd justice. They sounded just like their album. (Oh, I love it when that happens.) The crowd was rocking to all their songs, but "Classic Hoagie" took the cake. I don't even think I heard the singer on this song—the breathy crowd dominated.

Then there was Mr. Muscle Shirt and Sunglasses playing the horn for Skankin' Pickle (pant, pant—I'm in love). He was better than the original Hulk Hogan. I thought he had enough raw attitude for the whole band, but when they played "Asian Man," I realized the rest of them could hold their own in the attitude department.

Let's Go Bowling closed out the show. Since they were the last of five bands, I was a little worried that the audience would either be dead tired or on their way home. Wrong on both counts. There is so much repression in Utah Valley that the pent-up energies of the audience just did not stop. The big majority of the audience was still skanking it all out when the fat lady sang. Let's Go Bowling had a fantastic horn section (of course I'd notice this). The mariachi stretches that funk up their sets were reverberating. I haply declare that from Soda Jerks through the last encore of Let's Go Bowling, the energy of both the crowd and the bands was more frenzied than a five-year-old kid on a sugar high.



LOOK OUT, PROVO, THEY'RE COOL

BY MELANEE HUNT

(The following article was printed in Student Review. However, it did not get printed entirely, thanks to a less-than-alert late-night paste-up crew. For those of you who wish to read the entire article, we are reprinting it just for you. -Ed.).

Okay—so, I hear there's this new band on the Provo tip and they actually think they can play punk music, so I think I'll check 'em out. So, I hop on over to Pier 59 where they are playing and try and check 'em out. For those who are not knowing, Pier 59 is a couple houses down from what used to be Pier 54, and they have a lot of parties their which often feature local music. When I got there, Black Eyed Susan was playing. Not at all badly either. They were kind of reminiscent of Mary's Danish, and I liked it. The singer has a beautiful voice. Next up—the Vickers. For those not knowing, Vicker's was a steel plant during the war that supplied our good men with the necessary tools for destruction. Unlike many Provo bands, there's a story behind the name here. So, they come off really cocky, like the jerks that they are, and yes, they're actually doing punk. The sounds are raging and angst-driven, but the guys are smiling. They're having fun. Quite impressive. The last song—a noteworthy Minor Threat covered cover (Steppin' Stone) was absolutely beautiful. So, after the show, while equipment is being carried away, I stop a couple of the guys—namely Chaz, the bassist and Ryan, the guitarist—to ask them a few questions. They kicked down the following:

ME: So, describe your music for me.

CHAZ: We're just hard core punk rock. Not like Green Day or Offspring or crap like that.

ME: Do you do a lot of covers?

CHAZ: Yeah, sorta.

ME: What does that mean?

CHAZ: Well, we used the covers to get off the ground, but we enjoy doing originals more. The covers we do are pretty obscure.

ME: Tell me how cool you are.

RYAN: Oh, I think we're cool and all, but we're not doing anything that hasn't been done, it's just needed here nowadays with all the crap going on.

ME: So, what are you guys doing right now?

RYAN: We're all BYU students. All clean cut American kids, and very patriotic at that. We promote the circle mosh. No puzzle crap.

ME: So, did you guys all grow up together?

RYAN: Adam and Jess and I are all from the same area. We met Chaz up here and he was such a stud, he's so cool, we couldn't do without him. Adam and I were doing stuff back in California, though.

ME: What were you called?

RYAN: We didn't quite have a name at that point. We just screwed around a lot.

ME: So, who are your influences?

CHAZ: Oh, the usual. Pantera, Sepultura. Uh, no, um, my influences as far as bass playing—I really dig oldies and jazz—I really am just a guitar player who plays bass.

ME: So, what makes you guys great entertainers?

CHAZ: Charisma.

ME: Would you like to plug upcoming shows?

CHAZ: We might be doing something at the beginning of March, so look for it, and some stuff in LA later on.

Well, folks there you have it, those wild and crazy Vickers.

CONTINUED...

CEREAL

crunchy, and they're the proven genesis of every manly man. Why do you think Michael Jordan was allowed to advertise underwear? Bruce Jenner once said, "The Wheaties did it. These platinum pectorals, these triceps of titanium, these buns of steel were all welded by Wheaties." And what bun appeal.

Lucky Charms: They're Magically Delicious

Not only does this General Mills favorite leave rapturously sweet milk in its wake, but it also carries a distinctly attractive leprechaun on the box. He's got to be the most appealing, swarthy red-head this side of Ireland, and if I found him at the end of my rainbow he could make all my wishes come true.

Top Three Cereals You'd Use to Line Your Gerbil Cage

Grape Nuts Flakes (also known as Super Stool Softener)

At 400 grams of dietary fiber, this monstrous attempt at human devastation through dehydration is not even worth the pain. Bad taste, bad aftertaste, bad three-days-after-still-feelin'-it mania. Beware of any man who has recently consumed these fetid flakes for he may commence chemical warfare on any passerby.

Ralston Rice Chex

Guys, if you ever happen upon a box of Rice Chex in your man's cupboard, run. Run far, far away. Any man who would voluntarily purchase Rice Chex lacks the worthiness of the testosterone in his glands. No cool box. No neat prize. No discernible taste.

Malt O' Meal Corn Puffs (Imitation Sugar Smacks)

Malt O' Meal has successfully manufactured a biodegradable styrofoam with these suckers. After about two, maybe three seconds in milk they assume the consistency of elementary school paste (I kicked the paste-eating habit when a doctor detected an alien growth on my right tonsil; these puffs seem to have the same effect). Again, if your man is caught with this carcinogenic monstrosity in his pantry, stop, drop, and roll far, far away.

Well, I made it through without even the mention of a burly buttock, though I hear that all imitation cereals have deleterious effects on even the most rigid of rears.

Religion

CHARITY NEVER FORGETTETH

BY STACEY FORD

Charity. It is pounded into our brains day and night as the act that never faileth, the reason for our being here, the thing that ought to always be on our mind, whether we find another soul in need or not. The idea behind charity is lovely: doing nice things for other people out of the kindness of our hearts. But the simple fact that we are told to be charitable should say something about the kindness of our hearts. For many of us, that unconscious kindness is just not there. How many people do you know who do nice things just to be nice? I know very few, and the ones I know have my whole-hearted admiration. My gripe is with those who give with the intention of receiving. Those who give, but never forget.

One day my Art 111 teacher was talking about how silly he thought the "secret friend" thing is that is so popular in BYU wards. He talked about how ironic it is that someone does nice things for someone for

a week, then can't wait for the end of the week—when he can finally reveal that it was he who has been the "secret" friend. "I would have liked it better if they had never told me who it was," my teacher said. I think this is a prime example of what charity often becomes. It goes from being a simple act done for the good of someone else to another good deed to add to the list of charitable acts done "secretly" for others. I think it sad that so many people perform acts of kindness so that they can show how good of a person they are. It turns service into some kind of self-aggrandizement, and I think that jades it a bit.

I have always had a problem with people who give in order to receive. It bothers me when people do something charitable, then use that act of charity—either to build themselves up or to get some kind of a favor sometime in the future in return. The motivation behind acts of charity is much more important to me than

the acts themselves. It is a very subtle difference, but I think that people should do kind things without consideration of how it will help them in the future—be it now or in the hereafter. In other words, I think you should do something for someone else because *they* are in need of help, not because *you* are in need of blessings.

I realize that charity is charity, and that regardless of the motivation behind it, someone is made happier because of it. But I am so much more impressed with the person who cleans someone else's house, cooks another person a meal, or simply listens to someone's problems and never mentions it again, than I am by the person who performs these same acts and makes sure that someone else is aware of it. My mother and I were discussing this one day, and she mentioned that she is so much more impressed by famous, wealthy people who are secret philanthropists than by those who make a point of leaking their charitable acts to the press. I agree with my

mother, and can testify that she practices what she preaches. Countless times I have seen her help out a family in need, give relief to someone who is overworked, or send words of encouragement to someone who is going through emotional turmoil. My mother does all of these things anonymously, with no expectation of recompense, or even of thanks for what she has done. She never tells anyone else when she does these things; I only know of them because I happened to be there when she did them—and she asked me not to tell anyone else. These anonymous acts are the ones that are truly charitable, not necessarily because of their anonymity, but because they are performed, and then forgotten, not to be mentioned again. To me, this is true charity: to do nice things for other people because other people need them to be done—not because you want them to be remembered. For though charity never faileth, it all too often never forgetteth either.

CAMPUS SPOTLIGHT

On Friday, March 24 you can attend the Rhizobia teach-in: "Literacy—It Makes a World of Difference." Sessions held every hour from 9:00a.m. to 2:00p.m. in the Kennedy Center Conference Room

"Into the Woods," by James Lapine with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim will be playing April 1-8 at 7:30 p.m. in the Pardoe Theatre. Directed by David Morgan. Should be a good show. Tickets \$9 for the general public, \$8 for senior citizens and \$7 for students. Call BYU Fine Arts Ticket Office for more information at 378-4322.

For those of you who are interested in the SAC elections, Jeff Hancock (#13) wants your vote. He promises to try to shorten the length of those pesky tests and make sure that the TAs are better trained than they currently are. Call him at 374-8144 if you have any questions. BYU press release of the week:

SNAKEBIT SAFETY TIPS IMPORTANT, SAYS BYU PROFESSOR

Highlights: "Be very cautious," Woolley said. "Don't put your hands in places where you can't see. Watch where you're walking and wear proper clothing and boots." Are you listening, boys and girls?



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THE "RIGHT" KIND OF SPIRITUALITY

SARAH ANDERER

Many classes require students to keep a journal of their feelings about a passage of reading or on what they learned that day in class. The reasoning behind this is fairly clear—to make sure students not only read the passage or went to class, but that they thought about what they read or learned. However, religion classes are one area where people should not be required to keep a "feelings" journal. Yet, I'd say that the majority of religion teachers require their students to do just that—to record their feelings and thoughts about scripture for a grade. Or, to put it more bluntly, to turn our testimonies in for a grade.

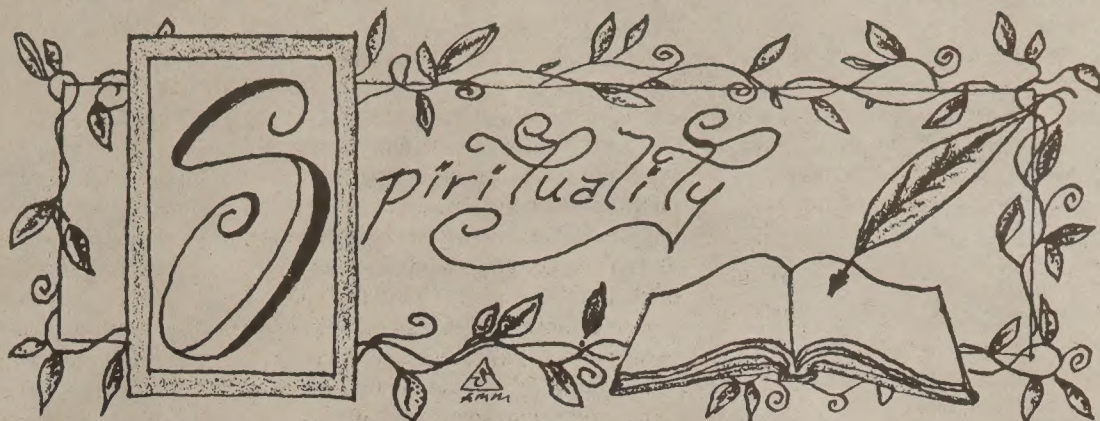
I see nothing wrong with volunteering to share insights about a passage of scripture during class. In the classroom setting, it is not only perfectly acceptable, but necessary for discussion and an interesting and enjoyable class. However, the teachers mainly call on those with their hands raised, ready and willing to share their feelings or thoughts. When part of the course grade is determined by mandating that everyone turn in a journal so it can be read and graded, the principle of agency which was present in the class disappears. Now, the teacher is not only calling on those with their hands raised, he is pointing at each student individually and telling them to speak or get an "F." No teacher, religion or not, is allowed to do that. It is unfair to the students who may just be forming an opinion and for now just listening to that of everyone else. When a religion teacher requires that personal enlightenment be turned in for a grade, she is mandating that we actually have a personal enlightenment or a spiritual experience. And if you do not have that, you are either not trying hard enough, or living in a way that won't allow you to have that. Even if you know that you read it and thought about it, she is requiring that you share with her something personal that you may not be willing to share yet, if ever.

The practice of requiring that we keep journals also fosters a sense of competition. What if the journals are curved, so that the person with the best spiritual experience gets a hundred, and the remaining students earn decreasing grades? This seems quite far-fetched. However, when professors grade the journals, that is in a sense, what they are doing: seeing who can spew forth the most spirituality in one page. I read a story once in a book that relates to this concept of spewing forth experiences for the benefit of others. The character was telling about his Alcoholics Anonymous experience where he went and everyone was telling just how bad their lives had gotten while they were drinking. The first man said that he lost his job, so the second told of how he lost his job *and* his house, the third one told how he lost his job *and* his house *and* his family deserted him. That is the type of competition that may be fostered from these journal entries. The first person who had a very sweet experience of peace cannot compare to the person who felt peace and heard a voice from Heaven telling him that it was true. In the teacher's mind, and since she does not know each of us personally, the second person will probably get the higher grade, while the first will get a "B" because he didn't learn as much as the second. While this does seem unlikely and a little unfair toward the teacher, it does happen—there is no way for the teacher to be completely impartial in her grading. She has to have some standard to adhere to.

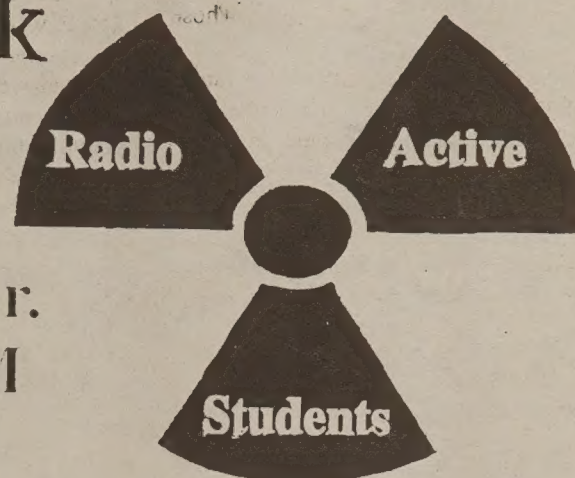
Journals are also full of semi-fictionalized or highly exaggerated experiences a lot of the time. I know that when I have to do a one page entry on one verse, telling how I feel about it, I make the majority of it up. I just do not feel that much. But even when I have chapters and chapters to read I make a lot of it up. I could probably do the assignment without actually reading the homework. I may be lacking in something that will allow me to fulfill the assignment—quite possibly a good attitude. But even taking that into account, it is hard to know what to say about a certain passage when you are required to write for a certain length of time or paper. So, in the end, many of my entries end up looking almost identical, and reading something like this: "I read this passage with a great amount of anticipation. I have never read it with the Spirit I did now." Or something else similar to that. In the end, I don't learn much from it, except that I am pretty good about going on for a full page about nothing. Or that some fonts are a lot bigger than others.

Quite possibly the worst experience I have had to date with my religion classes, though, is occurring this semester. My teacher gives us four to five page worksheets full of scriptures on a certain topic, such as repentance or prayer. We are then to look up each scripture and write one or two sentences on it telling the "essential meaning" of the scripture using first person pronouns to personalize the meaning. So I read each scripture, and then tell how I must change my life to comply with it. To me this is merely busy work and it is something of a wonder that my teacher is going to actually look at each of the fifty sentences everyone wrote and then assign us a grade. Also, as part of this assignment we are to write a one page paper on our feelings, goals, and testimony on repentance. Hopefully all of these things have been affected by this worksheet we had to do. I cannot put into words how much this assignment sickens me. I resent, first of all, having to do this busywork. But then having to share with my teacher how it made me feel just angers me further. My testimony on repentance or prayer or whatever, is personal. I will share it with whomever I want, when I want, if I want. And it would not be with my teacher. We have been admonished to share our testimonies with everyone. However, I do not think that admonition meant that we had to share it when it would be looked at and picked apart for a grade on secular terms, like spelling and grammar. I will share it with the man sitting on the street corner because I want to and I have felt impressed to. This man will listen to me (hopefully), but he will not judge me on my sentence structure, grammar, or how it compares with the person with whom he had talked to five minutes ago. He will merely judge me on how heartfelt and passionate I am about these spiritual things—which are the things that really matter. My teacher will look at what I write, and instead of saying "this girl has a testimony, yep, I will give her credit for this assignment," he will judge my testimony on other things and against other people's testimonies. I will not put one of the most sacred things I have on paper to be graded by someone who does not know me well enough to understand it.

If journals are going to continue to be part of the course requirements for religion classes, which I am sure they will be, then there should be some changes made in the grading. We should be able to write as long as we want on the topic and about whatever we want to. We should not have to write about our feelings or how it applies to our lives unless we think it is important. They should not be graded on the traditional scale of letter grades, but merely be checked off, indicating that we have finished the assignment. If the teacher wishes to read them, then fine, but they should not be allowed to give grades based on the content (unless it is on last night's *Melrose Place* or something else off the subject). In short, journal writing, or writing how we have had a testimony strengthening situation this week, should be a secondary part of religion courses rather than a primary part. Instead, we should be graded on the material we have, or have not, learned.



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Calendar

FILM

*International Cinema, 250 SWKT, 378-5751. Mar. 14-18: *Henry V*, *A Man and a Woman* (French), *A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later* (French). Call for showtimes.

*Tower Theatre, 9th E. & 9th S., SLC, 297-4041. Mar. 24-30: *Mrs. Parker and a Vicious Circle*, *Plan Ten From Outer Space* (Comedy about Mormons, sex, and aliens), *Vanya on 42nd Street*, *The Wonderful Horrible Life of Leni Riefenstahl*. Call for showtimes.

*Movies 8, call 375-5667; eight great flicks for only \$1.50.

*Academy Theatre/Provo, 56 N. Univ., call 373-4470 for showtimes.

*Carillon Square/Orem, next to Ross, call 224-5112 for showtimes.

*Cineplex Odeon/Orem at Univ. Mall, call 224-6622 for showtimes.

*Central Square Theater/Provo, call 374-6061 for showtimes.

*Scera Theatre/Orem, 745 S. State, call 235-2560 for showtimes.

*Varsity Theatre/BYU Campus, call 378-3311 for showtimes.

*Sundance Film Series; classic films at Sundance for only \$2.50, call 225-4100 for showtimes.

CONCERTS

Swimpigs, this Fri. and Sat., Mar. 24 & 25, 9:00 p.m. at Mama's Cafe. Tickets \$4.

Ace is Wired and Famous, Thurs., Mar. 23 at The Station. Tickets \$2.

Pantera, March 25 at Saltair. Call 1 800-888-TIXX for tickets.

Bullet Boys, March 30 at Starr Studios, 966 S. Redwood Road. Call 972-5961 for more info.

The Nylons, March 31 at Austad Theater, Browning Center, Weber State University. Tickets are \$20, available at all WSU ticket offices. This concert will benefit Enable Industries. Call 626-6500.

Sarah McClachlan with Paula Cole, Apr. 1 at Saltair. Call 1800-888-TIXX for tickets.

The Vickers, Pistol Pete, The Willard Rice Band, The Shakes, Civil Disobedience, and The Soda Jerks, Apr. 1 at Hanger 18, 440 S. State in Orem. Tickets \$3.

TIXX for tickets.

CULTURE

*Cheerleader and Yell Leader tryouts, March 20-25. Information available at 4th

floor ELWC.

*Lamanite Generation, March 23, 1:00 and 7:30 p.m. in the de Jong Concert Hall. Tickets are \$7 at HFAC ticket office.

*Canadian Brass, March 28, 7:30 p.m. in the de Jong Concert Hall. Tickets \$20 at HFAC ticket office.

*Utah Symphony, March 30 at 7:30 p.m. in the de Jong Concert Hall. Tickets \$10 at HFAC ticket office.

MUSEUM OF ART

*CCA Christianson's Mormon Panorama: The beehive is beautiful. Now-Aug.

*150 Years of American Paintings: Now-Aug.

ESSENTIAL PHONE NUMBERS:

Sounds Easy, 375-7368
Utah Symphony, 533-NOTE
BYU Traffic Office, 378-4906
UTAH JAZZ, 355-DUNK
The Garrens, 379-8888
Hansen Planetarium, 538-2098
Lenito's, 377-8226
Krishna Temple, 798-3559
Pueblo Nuestro Folklore, 773-7104
IRS Questions, 800-829-1040
Mama's Cafe, 373-1525
Avalon Theatre, Murray, 226-0258
LeMars Nightclub, 373-9014
Hale Theatre, Orem, 226-8600
Mr. Rub Massages (full body), 226-6555
BYU Ticket Office (HFAC), 378-4332
Dial-A-Story, 379-6675
Ask-A-Nurse, 377-8488
Big D's Pawn Shop, 763-0791
Orrin Hatch, 375-7881
Sonic Garden, 375-SONIC
Dime Arcade, 373-7555
UTA, 375-4636
DMV, 800-451-6496
SmithTix, 800-888-TIXX
Testing Center, 378-6129
Lenito's (Orem), 221-8226
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Beautiful (the Dog), 374-8144
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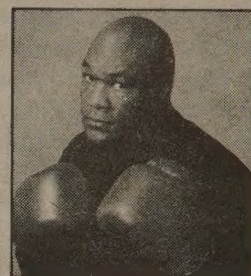
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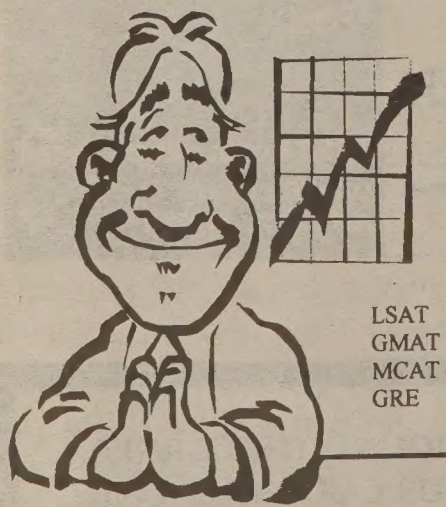
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